

NO PITTMAN COURT-MARTIAL

MADRIZ PROMISES FAIR TREATMENT FOR AMERICAN.

A consul at Managua notified State Department Young Engineer a prisoner in Greytown—Relief for Mother's Anxious.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Dr. Madriz, President of Nicaragua at Managua and on the Pacific coast generally, has assured Secretary of State Knox that William P. Pittman of Boston, who was captured by the Madriz forces while engaged in operating mines near Bluefields, will be treated fairly. There is no intention, Madriz said, of trying Pittman by court-martial.

Jose de Olivaros, American Consul at Managua, sent this dispatch to the State Department to-day.

"Dr. Madriz has just assured me through Gen. Toledo that a court-martial has not been thought of, much less ordered, and has further assured me that Pittman will be treated fairly and considerably and that telegraphic instructions will be immediately despatched to Gen. Irias at Greytown. He has also informed me that the report hitherto received from Gen. Irias relative to William P. Pittman is untrue."

It is evident from this dispatch that Pittman is in confinement at Greytown, which is now in the hands of the Madriz forces under Gen. Irias. It is expected that further reports of his condition will be received at the State Department within a few days from Thomas P. Moffat, American Consul at Bluefields, and Commander W. W. Gilmer of the gunboat Paducah, who were also instructed to investigate his arrest.

Assistant Secretary of State Wilson informed Edwin F. Pittman of Cambridge, Mass., to-day that his brother was under arrest at Greytown. Mr. Wilson also transmitted to him the substance of the dispatch received from the Consul at Managua.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 5.—In answer to a heartrending letter sent to President Taft and telegrams to Senator Lodge at Washington by Mrs. Rachel Pittman, asking the Government to intercede for the life of her son, William P. Pittman, the American engineer who joined the Nicaraguan insurgents under the Estrada faction, a message was received from Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, this afternoon. Mr. Wilson said that the Consul at Managua had telegraphed him that Dr. Madriz had given assurances through Gen. Toledo that a court-martial had not been thought of, much less ordered, and furthermore assured him that Pittman will be treated fairly and considerably and that telegraphic instructions to that effect will be immediately despatched to Gen. Irias at Greytown.

This good news cheered up the Pittman household on Spring street, this city. Edwin F. Pittman, brother of the captured man, said this evening:

"I wouldn't exactly call my brother a soldier of fortune. He had a good trade, that of an engineer, which he learned while working his way up the ladder on the Ward Line steamship Havana and while in the employ of the Panama Canal Commission. He left home nearly eleven years ago, when he was only 16 years of age. He heard nothing from him for five or six years, then we received word that he was acting as an officer in the steamship company's employ."

Later he was employed by the Panama Canal Commission in Panama and after that worked on a first class engineer's work. I have no idea how William got interested in the cause of the Nicaraguan insurgents. His residence at Panama mixes him in with many people of many countries and his sympathy and aid were undoubtedly enlisted there. He was a good friend, I understand, to Carlos Chaminero, son of Gen. Chamorro, a leader in the Estrada army."

Reckless June 5, Billy Pittman, as he is called by those who knew him, a young man, has had an unenviable reputation for adventure since he was a boy. When 16 he ran away from home and for six years kept his whereabouts a secret so that he was given up by his mother, two brothers and a sister as dead. In that time he had almost completely mastered the world. He is now 27 years old, standing six feet one inch in his stocky build and weighs more than 200 pounds. As a boy he attended the Thorndike grammar school in East Cambridge and even then displayed courage and physical prowess.

Pittman ran away from Cambridge with his mother, Mrs. Rachel Pittman, a widow, was on a visit to her old home in New Bedford. Although every effort was made to find him not a word was heard from him until 1906, when he met his mother in New York. Even to his mother he did not tell the whole story of his wanderings, but the following year he returned home for the first time in seven years, and to an intimate he told his experiences.

When he left home he tried to ship on a cattle steamer from Boston but was refused because of his youth. He then walked to the farther end of Cape Cod working in the cranberry bogs. From Cape Cod he went to New York, and then shipped on a steamer bound for Venezuela as an engineer's helper, being paid jobs about the engine room. From Venezuela he shipped on a tramp steamer for Glasgow, being employed as a second hand in the engine room. During the voyage he met several fellows who were to become very friendly. After spending some little time together in Scotland they learned that the steamer was to be converted into a British transport and was to sail for South Africa loaded with supplies for the British army, which was then engaged in fighting the Boers.

Pittman stayed on board. The transport was at Port Elizabeth and Pittman stayed there eight months in that country. When the time being occupied in unloading guns and horses and driving the mules to the front.

His next venture was a trip to Australia, where he herded sheep for a time. Later he sailed to Mexico and there engaged as an engineer's helper on a steamer sailing to Vera Cruz. He visited Caracas and other places and employment as assistant engineer on the steamship Morro Castle

of the Ward Line. During the year or more that he was employed by the Ward Line he learned much of South and Central American life.

While Pittman was a member of the crew of the United States transport McPherson that ship was wrecked off Matanzas, Cuba, and the crew spent about six months on a small steamer in the quarantine service at Ancon. He was subsequently employed in the construction department of the Panama Canal for about a year building shovels, screws and other machines for use in digging the canal and he was then made engineer of the power plant at La Boca, which he practically rebuilt. While at Ancon he was stricken with southern fever and was confined to the hospital there for three months.

Pittman paid a second visit to his family last summer, and seven months ago he returned to the Canal Zone to resume his duties as engineer of the power plant at La Boca. During his service there he became acquainted with the brother of Gen. Chamorro, who is said to be financing the Nicaraguan revolution, and the latter prevailed upon Pittman to resign the United States Government position, which was paying him \$195 a month, and cast his fortunes with the revolutionists.

As his desire for adventure was still paramount, he decided to join the rebel forces. The leaders of the revolution are said to have made Pittman tempting promises. He enlisted in the cause about seven months ago.

At first he wrote home frequently, but he seldom divulged any of the plans of the revolutionists. Early last spring, when the story was told of a young United States engineer who was formerly located at Panama, meeting the brother of Gen. Chamorro in New Orleans, loading a small steam vessel with arms and ammunition and delivering it to the rebel forces at Bluefields, there was open talk about Cambridge that Pittman was the American who engineered and executed the deed.

Early in April Mrs. Pittman received a letter from her son in which he described the hardships that the revolutionary army was enduring. He told of the extreme youth of most of the soldiers. The last letter received by his mother was written from Rama on May 3, and he then said that he had been transferred to Gen. Menes's forces.

Pittman's brothers are Edward and Owen and his sister is Miss Margaret Pittman. The entire family is greatly excited over the capture of Billy.

MADRIZ DENIES DEFEATS.

SAYS HIS TROOPS WOULD TAKE BLUEFIELDS EASILY ONLY FOR THE AMERICANS.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. MANAGUA, June 5.—Because of reports which have reached here by various routes of the defeat of the Government troops in recent battles with the insurgents at Bluefields and Rama, President Madriz issued to-day a denial of the truth of the reports and intimated that it was only because of assurance from American enlisted in the Estrada cause that the revolutionists were not crushed long ago. Recruiting has been ordered in all the western provinces.

Residents of this city have become greatly alarmed over the rumors that the troops of the Madriz faction have been scattered by those of Estrada's and a view to calming the people that President Madriz issued the following:

"The report of Gen. Chavarria's defeat is absolutely false. For purely military reasons his column which was operating against Rama was ordered to fall back on Muelle de los Bayos, where it arrived to-day in perfect order with all military stores."

"Owing to the difficulty of transporting provisions to the troops operating at Bluefields, because of the heavy rains, Gen. Lara's and Gen. Godoy's columns were ordered to retire on El Almendro. Our military position is entirely advantageous, as results will very shortly show. If Bluefields were defended only by the revolutionists we would have captured it long ago."

KILLS HIS WIFE BY ACCIDENT

While Handling Old Revolver He Had Taken From His Boy.

James Winchester, a young manager of the delivery department of the Crystal Spring Water Company, was taken handcuffed to the West Forty-seventh street police station last night because, according to his own story, repeated hysterically over and over, he had killed his wife with an accidental revolver shot.

Winchester said that he and his wife had put their three children to bed in their apartment at 407 West Fifty-third street and were sitting in the kitchen reading a newspaper and talking over items in it when he heard his oldest child, William, 8 years old, playing with something in the children's room. Winchester went in and found that the lad had an old revolver, long considered useless. He took the revolver away from the boy and went back to the kitchen.

While his wife continued to read the paper aloud Winchester fussed with the weapon, commenting on its uselessness. It was suddenly empty. He clicked it absently. Twice the hammer sounded. The third time there was an explosion and his wife fell forward in her chair.

The bullet had struck her an inch behind the right ear. She must have died instantly, thought the surgeon who visited the house later.

Winchester ran screaming to the family of John Widower next door. Then he hurried to the street. Not far away was Policeman John J. Sennan. The young man seized the policeman's arm, told him what he had done and was made a prisoner.

The three children were sent to the Gerry society.

HANNA'S \$250,000 TO SCHOOL.

Cleveland Man Starts Million Dollar Endowment for Western Reserve.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 5.—President Thwing of Western Reserve University will announce to-morrow a gift of \$250,000 made by H. M. Hanna of this city to the endowment fund of the medical department of the university. This sum makes the first quarter of an additional endowment fund of \$1,000,000 which the university now plans to obtain for its medical college.

Coming close upon the announcement of the absorption by the university of the Cleveland College of Physicians and Surgeons, this gift means that the Western Reserve medical school will be able to put itself on a plane equal to that of any medical college in the country.

SAYS HE KILLED HORSE THIEF

MOUNTED COP SHOT MAN WHO FIRED AT SIGHT.

Jamaica Policeman Sure Pole Who Died in Bellevue Was the Man in the Buggy Whom He Wounded on the Highway and Who Tried to Shoot Him Too.

A big Polish laborer went into the office of Dr. H. Frank at 238 East Twenty-third street on Saturday morning and showed a bullet wound in his right side which he wanted dressed. Dr. Frank excused himself for a moment and telephoned the police. Detective Cleary came over and had the Pole, who said he was Joseph Valtenas of 341 East Sixty-first street, taken to Bellevue a prisoner.

The Pole died there last night still insisting that he was wounded on First avenue, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets by the accidental discharge of a revolver a friend was handling. Soon after his death Mounted Policeman William H. Green of the Jamaica station hurried into Bellevue, took a look at the dead man and said that he was practically positive that Valtenas was a man whom he had shot Friday afternoon on the Rocky Hill road, outside Jamaica. The policeman told this story:

"I was mounted and patrolling my beat along the Rocky Hill road on Friday afternoon when I caught sight of a buggy a long way off with a man in it. The man seemed to catch sight of me at the same instant. He lashed his horse into a gallop. I figured something must be wrong and went galloping after him. I yelled to the man to stop. He yelled back curses and whipped his horse the harder."

"I chased the buggy about a mile and yelled 'Stop or I'll shoot!' The man bawled out a few names at me and kept right on. I fired several shots over the top of the buggy, but he never slackened speed. I was gaining on him pretty fast."

"As I got near he pointed a revolver at me but it seemed to miss fire. I wasn't going to take any chances. I brought my horse close to the buggy and reaching my hand in fired."

"He yelled 'I'm shot! You—you've got me.' Without slowing his horse he jumped out of the buggy and scrambled into the woods, which are thick at that point. It was just above Lincoln avenue. I got one good look at him as he jumped for cover. He was a big man."

"It didn't take long to get his horse, and in the buggy I found a stack of blankets and some harness and other stuff that looked as if it had been stolen from a store."

"On the floor of the buggy lay a revolver. It was a rim fire. 'Then I learned why he hadn't got me. He had five chambers of the revolver loaded. He had tried to fire three times and the three cartridges that had missed had been centre fire cartridges. The two other chambers had rim fire cartridges. The next shot he'd have had me.' I went back and spent an hour beating the woods where he had disappeared but I couldn't find a trace of him. On the way back I noticed the tracks of another horse and buggy. A watchman said that a man in the other buggy had followed me till I shot the big man. Then this other fellow had turned and whipped up his horse to get away."

The mounted policeman said that the blankets and other things in the buggy had been found to belong to a stable in Norwood, L. I. The buggy itself and the horse had been taken from the stable of John Weeks in Lynbrook, L. I.

Detective Anderson was sent up from Police Headquarters to take a thumbprint, measurements and a picture of the dead Pole in hopes of more firmly identifying him.

The dead man's wife, Annie Valtenas, went to the morgue last night with her two months old baby. She identified her husband and said he was a cement worker. She said she was destitute now. She could only tell the police that her husband was not at home on Friday night. He came in early Saturday morning and told her he was sick and must see a doctor. Then he went out again.

THE JOHN SYLVESTER CRIPPLED

South Norwalk Excursionists Spend Most of the Night Afloat.

The steamer John Sylvester, while returning with a load of excursionists from North Beach to South Norwalk, Conn., at 6 o'clock last night became disabled off Port Chester. The boat had on board the excursion of Phoenix Engine Company No. 1 of South Norwalk.

The steamer Rosedale, commanded by Capt. Harry Smith, came along later and took the John Sylvester in tow, bringing her on to New York, where the Rosedale landed her own passengers late last night at the foot of East 133rd street.

Then the Rosedale returned to Roton Point, Conn., with the passengers of the John Sylvester.

RIOT COSTS MURFEY'S DEGREE.

Yale's Star Pitcher Had No Part in Disorder but Hired the Cars.

NEW HAVEN, June 5.—It became known to-day that one of the Sheffield seniors who will not get his degree at commencement because of the student riot at Savin Rock last week is Spencer L. Murfey, East Cleveland, Ohio, one of the varsity star pitchers.

Through a ruling of Director Chittenden of Sheffield Murfey was not allowed to pitch in the Yale-Princeton game yesterday, although it was planned to have him go in for the first four innings. He will not get his Y either, it is said.

Murfey took no part in the riot. He was chairman of the senior class supper committee and engaged the special cars to take the seniors to Savin Rock after the supper.

BONDED WAREHOUSE SEIZURE.

Firemen Frustrated One May Die; One Missing Too—Tenements Empty.

Fire started at 2 o'clock this morning in the bonded warehouse of John Hobbs & Sons at the corner of Washington and Carlisle streets. The fire began in the rear of the five story brick building and worked its way quickly through the three upper floors.

At the rear of the building and separated from it only by a small court are several three story tenement houses with stores, facing West street and the waterfront.

Policemen went through these tenements getting out the tenants as soon as they had a chance to get on a few articles of clothing, as it was feared that the fire would jump the small intervening space and set the tenement houses burning. The warehouse, it was said, contained a large amount of explosive and inflammable stuff.

A second alarm was sent in a few minutes after the first and a fireboat was called for. This arrived but could not be used for some minutes because a vacant slip could not be found for her so that she could approach the shore.

The first tenements to be emptied were those at Nos. 71, 72, 73 and 75 West street. Then the police went through those to the south, and 70 and 69, as a precautionary measure.

Twenty minutes after the fire started eight firemen were laid out in the street, suffering from smoke and cuts. Lieut. Maher of Engine 4, temporarily in command of Engine 10, and Lieut. Sullivan, also of Engine 4, were among those severely cut.

Fireman Cotter of Engine 6 was reported missing at 2:45 o'clock. He had been one of a number from Engines 6 and 10 who had been fighting the fire from the fourth floor. When the rest got to the street they couldn't find Cotter.

Fireman Grimm of the same company was so badly bruised when he was carried to the street that it was feared he might die. Fireman Deistroth, driver for Deputy Chief Binns carried Fireman Conrad of Engine 6 from the fourth floor to the street. Both of them are in pretty bad shape.

MET BY POSTAL INSPECTORS.

Clergyman and Lawyer Cross the Ocean. It is Believed, to Nab Swindlers.

A postal inspector met the steamship St. Louis on her arrival yesterday and looked up two of her passengers, the Rev. William Boden Bladen and Edgar Morris. Mr. Morris is said to be a London attorney.

Mr. Bladen was accompanied by his wife and three daughters. The Bladens and Mr. Morris were driven to the Hotel Buckingham at Fifth avenue and Fifth street. In the afternoon Chief Postal Inspector Mayer and one of his subordinates went to the hotel and had a long conference with the two men. Mr. Mayer refused to say anything about the matter and neither Mr. Bladen nor Mr. Morris would talk.

The fact that neither the post office inspectors nor the two Englishmen would say anything about the conference gave rise to the impression that Mr. Bladen had been either the victim or the intended victim of American swindlers and that he had come to America with his solicitor to assist the Post Office Department in running the men down.

SQUIRTS Seltzer ON A THIEF.

Girl Then Throws Dish and Ends by Sitting on a S. V. M. Burglar.

Miss Freda Dolinsky, the twenty-year-old daughter of Herman Dolinsky, a silk manufacturer at 39 West Houston street, was awakened yesterday morning by a noise from her younger sister, Augusta, with whom she was sleeping. Augusta whispered that she had heard somebody in a rear room.

The two girls lay shivering and listening for a while and then Freda struck a match and went into the room where her sister had heard the noise. She lit the gas and saw a young man crouched under a table pointing a revolver at her.

"If you holler or move I'll shoot," he said.

There was a seltzer bottle on the table. Freda snatched it and squirted the contents in the man's face. He fired, but the seltzer spoiled his aim and the bullet hit the ceiling. Then Freda threw the bottle in his face, dazing him. She followed it up with other dishes that were handy, cutting him badly about the face.

When her father and brother entered the room the stranger was on the floor and Freda was sitting on his chest with a finger in each corner of his mouth stretching it nearly back to his ears.

"My goodness!" said Magistrate Cornell when he heard this in Essex Market court yesterday. "And then did you hold him until the officer came?"

"When I got there," said Policeman Thomas Fay of the Madison street station, "the whole family was on top of him."

The prisoner was Max Levine, 24 years old, of 127 Allen street. His face is in the rogues' gallery. Magistrate Cornell held him in \$2,500 bail for the Grand Jury.

ICHABODS OF THE SEA.

The Charmer and the Stately Shenandoah Going Coasting Now.

The American bark Charmer, once a three masted ship with a reputation for swift sailing, but not in it with the ante-bellum clippers, arrived yesterday from Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, after a stormy passage of 77 days, in which she carried away 15 feet of her starboard rail. She will never make another voyage as a square rigger, her owners, D. B. Dearborn & Co., having sold her to a company that will convert her into a coal barge.

A real clipper and the biggest wooden ship in the world, the splendid Shenandoah, made this port from San Francisco in less than a hundred days. She is now making her final trip from the Pacific and is now 110 days out. She also will be despoiled of her cloud piercing spars and will be converted into a homely fore-and-aft without the adornment of topmasts to wind up her career as a collier along the Atlantic coast. Her commander, Capt. James Murphy, has been ordered the Horn about forty times, and after this trip will go on shore leave in his native Maine that will last until he is called to bunk with the cherub that sits aloft.

The Shenandoah is rigged to stow away 2,500 tons gross and is 300 feet long. The trunk of her mainmast is 21 feet from the main deck. She has logged more than 300 nautical miles in one day, spreading 11,000 yards of canvas.

SHOT IN DENTIST'S OFFICE

MRS. AGNES SUMMERVILLE TRIES TO KILL HERSELF.

Dr. John Hurdie of Albany Says She Had Attempted Three Times to Shoot Him Because He Refused to Sleep With Her—Police Put Her Out of Town.

ALBANY, June 5.—Considerable mystery surrounds the attempt of Mrs. Agnes Summerville, wife of Harry A. Summerville, a drummer for a drug house, to commit suicide in the office of Dr. John A. Hurdie, a well known Albany dentist, to-day. After spending several days in Albany, during which time Dr. Hurdie says she tried to persuade him to desert his wife and flee with her, Mrs. Summerville tricked the dentist into going to his office early to-day, and again failing in her purpose she shot herself in the left breast. She is in the Albany Hospital in a critical condition.

Dr. Hurdie says that Mrs. Summerville is a former Albanian. Her home now is said to be at 815 West 130th street, New York city. Eighteen months ago, Hurdie says, Mrs. Summerville became a patient of his. At that time she lived here.

Little is apparently known of her family connection beyond the belief of the dentist that her maiden name was Agnes Murray and that her father is or was at one time a politician in New York city.

The daughter's marriage to Summerville, Hurdie says, estranged the daughter from her father. Dr. Hurdie says he is at a loss for any better means of identifying the woman.

On Friday last Mrs. Summerville came to Albany, and going to Dr. Hurdie's office at 59 State street demanded that he quit his business and go to New York with her. Hurdie says he was amazed at the demands of the woman and told her to go back to her husband. She left the office reluctantly. On Saturday Mrs. Summerville returned and renewed her demands. Hurdie says he threatened to call the police, whereupon the woman pulled a .38 calibre revolver from her skirt pocket and told him that she intended to kill him. Hurdie says he had to throw her to the floor before he succeeded in wresting the gun away from her.

She left his office only to return an hour later, and getting in a second time drew another revolver and attempted to pull the trigger. Hurdie said that in wresting the weapon away from her this time he almost had to break her fingers. They fought desperately in the dental parlor for half an hour, the woman struggling to discharge the revolver at the dentist's head or body.

Hurdie succeeded in getting a policeman, who escorted Mrs. Summerville to the train. Hurdie says he knows she went to New York. He believes the woman returned on the boat last night.

Early to-day Dr. Hurdie was called on the telephone by a woman who said she was "Mrs. Emerson." She said she needed the dentist's attention immediately as her teeth were aching severely. Hurdie went to his office.

When he started to unlock his office door he saw a woman hiding in the outside hallway. It was Mrs. Summerville and she was crouching near the dentist with still another revolver concealed in her skirt. Hurdie grabbed her and pushed her into his office.

At this time a clerk in the office of William T. Shields, a broker, adjoining the dentist's office, appeared and Hurdie told him to stay in the office as he feared the woman. Mrs. Summerville went into the back room where Hurdie telephoned for the police.

Hurdie was still at the telephone when he heard the revolver shot and went to the back room, where Mrs. Somerville lay. She had turned the gun on herself, the bullet going through her breast down into her abdomen. When Chief of Police Hyatt saw Mrs. Somerville at the hospital she said Hurdie had shot her, but later she admitted that she intended taking her own life.

MADE BOGUS COIN IN PRISON.

Missouri Forger Convicted to Be Pardoned and Prosecuted for Counterfeiting.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 5.—The Government authorities have induced Gov. Hadley to announce that he will pardon Lee J. Jaynes of Jackson county, who is serving a five year term in the Missouri penitentiary for forgery, so that he may be prosecuted for counterfeiting.

The Federal Grand Jury indicted Jaynes when it convened in Jefferson City next October, according to Secret Service operative McHugh of St. Louis, who was in Jefferson City to-day.

While serving his sentence Jaynes has been passing his spare time making counterfeit dollars and half dollars. In some mysterious way he obtained rabbit metal, a quantity of lead, some bismuth, block tin and other material used by counterfeiters. He constructed moulds of plaster of paris. The articles were found in his bunk.

Just how much of queer coin Jaynes has made or how widely it has been circulated is not known, but the prison authorities got hold of a large number of the spurious pieces. Jaynes passed them off on other convicts on holidays, when the inmates have the freedom of the yards. He also exchanged counterfeit coins for bills with convicts who were about to be released.

The coins are considered by McHugh of the secret service as a fair imitation of good money. They are well made and would readily pass.

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Headrick Hudson 1850—Robert Fulton 1807—Gleason Curtis 1910. The DAY LINE every week. —Ad.

INJECTED CHOLERA GERMS.

Russian Doctor Got \$250,000 a Case From Heirs of Wealthy Men.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. ST. PETERSBURG, June 5.—Dr. Patschenko, who with Count de Lyassey was arrested here about a week ago on suspicion of poisoning Count Bouturlin, heir to a fortune of \$3,500,000, has confessed that he killed Count Bouturlin by injecting cholera germs into his system. The police say he also confessed a series of identical crimes, his victims being wealthy persons.

During the last cholera epidemic he pretended to inoculate them to prevent them from contracting the disease. He received \$250,000 in each case from the victim's heirs.

Dr. Patschenko is nearly 70 years old. Count Bouturlin was only 26. He was a son of Gen. Bouturlin and belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Russia. Count de Lyassey, Dr. Patschenko's alleged instigator, protests his innocence.

The bodies of two of Count de Lyassey's brothers have been exhumed and found to contain poison.

A prominent merchant has been arrested on the charge of employing Dr. Patschenko to poison several of his creditors.

MAY DIE FOR HIS COURAGE.

Robber Shot Boy Who Sprang at Him Unarmed.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., June 5.—While attempting to save the contents of the cash register in his father's grocery store from a robber who entered the place about midnight last night James Dyson, aged 20, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded. The robber also fired a shot at Thomas Dyson, the proprietor, but missed.

The main entrance of the store had been closed after the business of the day, and Dyson, Sr., was counting his money when the stranger entered the side door. He was apparently a foreigner and the only word he spoke while in the store was "Money" as he pointed a revolver at Dyson.

Not getting a ready response the man walked to the register and took the contents, \$40.

Neither of the Dysons was armed, but James sprang toward the stranger. Two bullets met him half way, one entering his chin and the other crashing through his chest. He fell to the floor and the stranger after firing a shot at the father disappeared from the store.

CAR ROWDIES HELD.

Policeman Had to Fight Hard to Take One of Them a Prisoner.

William Vogel, 21 years old of 192 Guernsey street, Williamsburg, and Samuel Gilfield, 32, who lives at 94 East Broadway, Manhattan, were held in \$500 bail yesterday in the Manhattan avenue police court, Williamsburg, pending a hearing to-morrow of charges of disorderly conduct.

Vogel, with a dozen friends, was in a crowded street car returning from Coney Island early yesterday morning and in Lorimer street, near Driggs avenue, the men began to frighten women and children so that several jumped from the car. The rowdies fought among themselves and when Policeman Craddock appeared he was attacked. He used his club vigorously and arrested Vogel. The latter denied in court that he instigated the rowdism. The Magistrate in holding Vogel in bail severely berated him as a rowdy.

Gilfield terrorized women and children in an elevated train at Broadway and Myrtle avenue. He insisted on climbing through a window and when a guard tried to stop him there was a fight followed by a panic among passengers.

FARMAN BADLY INJURED.

Gust of Wind Throws His Aeroplane to the Earth—Aero Club Secretary Hurt Too.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. PARIS, June 5.—Maurice Farman while making a cross-country flight to-day in his aeroplane with Georges Besancon, secretary of the Aero Club of France, was caught in a gust of wind, which caused the machine to fall.

Both men were seriously hurt. Farman was taken to his home and Besancon to a hospital.

DIES WHILE MOTORCYCLING.

C. W. Barrett Falls From His Machine to Fifth Avenue Sidewalk.

Charles W. Barrett, chief inspector for the Otis Elevator Company, died of paralysis of the heart on Fifth avenue at Twenty-fourth street yesterday afternoon. He was riding a motorcycle when the seizure came.

Barrett, who was 40 years old and lived at 345 Quincy street, Brooklyn, was cycling with Henry E. Schell of 1429 Prospect avenue, The Bronx. They were going north on Fifth avenue and had pedaled